

ALICIA'S BATHROOM SCENE

Written by

Alicia Garbutt

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

INT. BATHROOM

A woman retches behind a closed door.

A beat.

The toilet flushes. The door opens and out hobbles a feeble woman in a nightgown and headscarf.

She turns the sink on, washes her hands slowly due to the trembling. She splashes her face with water. Once, twice.

She leaves her hands on her face the second time, slowly she drags them down her cheeks. She turns off the water.

She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror, she quickly looks away.

She places her hands at the edge of the sink and looks down. Slowly she lifts her head up, finally seeing her reflection.

She frowns at her eye bags, stress lines, chapped lips. A tear falls down her cheek.

A door creaks open, she jolts and quickly turns the water back on. She wipes away the tear, searches the scene, and breathes out.

She shuts the water off and wipes her face in a towel.

Back at the mirror she feigns a smile, over and over. She drops it along with her head.

She looks back up at the mirror and sees a head peeking from a door frame. She turns to face it. Another woman walks out slowly. She stands, twiddling her fingers.

DAUGHTER

Ma-

MOM

I'm alright. Just tryna get ready  
for the day.

The daughter nods. She walks back into the room. The mom sighs and turns back to the mirror.

Her daughter appears again, with makeup and brushes. She sets them on the counter. She returns to the room and comes back with a chair. She places it in the bathroom.

The mom doesn't move, she shakes her head.

The daughter ushers her to sit.

MOM (CONT'D)

I don't-

DAUGHTER

Please, ma. You said you were getting ready for the day. So let's get you ready for the day.

The mom hesitates, then slowly sits in the chair.

The daughter holds her mother's head up. She smiles.

She uncaps mascara and applies it to her mother's eyes.

She applies some blush to her cheeks. She cups her mother's face and turns it side to side.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Now for the finishing touch.

She holds up two lipstick tubes.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Red, or pink?

Her mother stares hard at both. She cracks a small smile.

MOM

Red.

Her daughter puts down the pink tube. She uncaps the red one.

DAUGHTER

I was hoping you'd pick this one.

MOM

It was always my favorite.

Her daughter puts the lipstick on her.

Once done, the daughter grabs her mother's hands and pulls her from the chair. She turns her mother to face the mirror.

DAUGHTER

Do you like it?

The mother squeezes her daughter's hands.

MOM

I love it.